# THE BLVE & THE GRAY.

DCCCMBER.
1904

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I am now prepared to serve my customers in any part of the Country, and at my place of business on

**Castro Street, Mountain View, California**

With the above goods. Also all kinds of poultry food and poultry cures at very lowest market price.

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## CASH

Shop-trade is given special attention

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Window Shades made to order. Lace Curtains and Door Panels. Work-baskets of all descriptions. Pictures and Picture Framing done to order. Undertaking a specialty. Everything done in an up-to-date workman-like manner. Goods and prices guaranteed. Give us a call.

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**GENERAL MERCHANDISE**

A full line of Christmas Goods. Highest prices paid for country produce.

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**Mountain View Livery Stable**

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**Dentist**

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Mountain View, Cal.

# *The* Desire *of the* Heart

For fine Toilet Things — can be gratified from our elegant stock of Perfumes, Toilet Waters, Brushes, Sponges, Chamois Skins, Exquisite Lotions, Powders, Puffs, Creams, and everything else that goes to make up the necessities and luxuries of the toilet. Come right here whenever you need any of these goods, and you will be served in a way to please and satisfy you — and make you want to come again.

**Becker's Prescription Pharmacy**

***Mountain View, California***

# The Blue and The Gray

PUBLISHED BY

The Student Body of the Mountain View High School

CHRISTMAS NUMBER DECEMBER, 1904

VICTOR WEIGLE ..... *Editor*
JOHN BUBB ..... *Manager*
LOUISE MARKS, BLANCHE DOW ..... *School Notes and Joshes*
ROSE STURLA ..... *Organizations*
WILLARD AYER ..... *Athletics*
CARL INGRAM ..... *Exchanges*

FOR the second time in its history, THE BLUE AND THE GRAY is presented to the school and to the public. While it is not as pretentious a paper as that published by many high schools—or its own first edition—we feel that it is as much so as we ought to attempt at this time. By not making this number more elaborate, we hope, next June, to put forth one more worthy of our school. Full of confidence that it will be received in the same friendly spirit as our first number, and expecting to receive our just share of criticism and praise, we send it out as the result of our best efforts.

Conscious of our many shortcomings, we have labored to overcome them, and for assistance in that work we wish to thank all of our friends who have helped us, especially our principal, Mr. Herbert Lee. Also, we extend our sincere appreciation to the many merchants and business men of Mountain View for their advertisements, which alone have made THE BLUE AND THE GRAY a realization and not a myth. We ask all readers of this paper to look most carefully at our ads and to patronize those therein mentioned.

Some of the business men seem to think it does no good to give us their advertisements, but we are quite certain it *does* do much good—at least to us. Notice those in the back pages especially.

The hardest thing about getting this paper out has been to get material. Now, our school contains as large, if not a larger, per cent of pupils capable of writing good stories, as any other school in California—so why do they not write them? For the sake of the next paper, we ask everybody to write at least one story in the coming months, with the thought in mind of the June number of THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

## THE MOUNTAIN VIEW HIGH SCHOOL

*By* HERBERT LEE, *Principal*

UR high school is now in its third year and making progress along several lines. In numbers, there has been a very decided increase; half the students are new to the school this year. The total enrollment this year has so far been 43, the average daily attendance 38. To meet a strong demand, the board of trustees, at the suggestion of the principal and Mr. Huff, started a commercial course in the school this year. Four new Smith-Premier typewriters were purchased, and these have been in daily use from the first day of school by 19 students. Already there is promise of accurate and rapid work, and this branch of the course has undoubtedly added great pleasure and interest to the work of many.

The school trustees have recently added nearly fifty dollars' worth of books to the school library, and these are fully appreciated and used by both teachers and pupils. The trustees have, themselves, visited the school and taken every opportunity to show their genuine interest in it.

We have also been encouraged by visits from Inspector Thomas and Professor Holway, of the State University, and by Mr. Ferguson, recently principal of the Petaluma High School. Inspector Thomas remarked in a kindly manner upon our work, but suggested that it would not be well to apply for accrediting this year, because there is but one student in the senior class, and she is not intending to go to the university. Moreover, since there is as yet no physics laboratory, there is no complete course to any college in the State University. That must be added next year, when we expect to have several students in the senior class who intend to go to college.

Professor Holway made some helpful suggestions with regard to the acquisition of material for the physical geography class. We have availed ourselves of these, and obtained, among other things, a promise from the State Mining Bureau that our high school shall receive a share of the mining exhibit sent by the state of California to the St. Louis Exposition.

Mr. Ferguson spoke particularly to the commercial students, and urged them to fit themselves thoroughly for business life. "Many qualified applicants," he said, "can be found for places paying $20 a month, but very few for places paying from $75 up." There is always room at the top.

Stimulated by such visitors, encouraged by our friends, actuated by ambition, hope, and pride, we work steadily on, resolved to do all in our power to keep up the good name of the Mountain View High School.

At the same time, we have a pretty happy time, and whilst the path of knowledge is not always smooth to our feet, there are many flowers beside it that we are glad to gather. In the physical geography class, for example, our students do not bury their heads in their books all the time, but study the stars above and the rocks beneath them. Occasionally, too, as on election day, the teacher takes the class on a day's trip, and whilst information is gained in the most scientific manner, a delightful outing is enjoyed. Moreover, at the close of school, the halls frequently re-echo the really sweet voices of the Glee Club, whilst the boys indulge themselves in the manly games of football and baseball on our spacious school-grounds. In short, the Mountain View High School aims to foster the life of its students not only on its intellectual and spiritual sides, but on its physical, social, and æsthetic sides also—and all this in an atmosphere of happiness and refinement.

## A CHRISTMAS EARNED

"BRING a penny around to-morrow, my dears, and you'll see." She nodded mysteriously. The group of chattering children stopped to look wonderingly at the strange apparition. The bitter wind which was tearing around the corner of Kearny Street was playing havoc with the thin white hair of the little old woman, who had accosted the group of school-children. The faded black skirt was fluttering in the wind; the little old lady herself seemed all of a-tremor.

"Did you say somethin'?" demanded the most courageous child.

The flush on the faded cheek deepened; the keen, gray eyes danced. "If you'll stop here on your way to school to-morrow"—then, hesitatingly, "and bring a penny with you—then—well, you'll see." She vanished through the dark doorway, leaving the gaping children staring after her.

"We'll be late," observed the practical little girl, after a long minute.

"It's cold," shivered a red-nosed girl.

They walked on in silence. Then the imaginative girl, whose big blue eyes were expanding at an alarming rate, said dreamily, "It's one of those fairies I told you about."

"Huh!" said the practical one, "some daffy old lady!"

The imaginative one roused herself as she thought of the thin, wistful face. "It ain't!" she retorted, unmindful of page 61, "Brook's Language Lessons."

"Do not say 'ain't,'" demurred the scholarly one; "it is extremely——"

"I don't care," irreverently interrupted the curious one. "I'm going to bring a penny—ain't you, girls?"

"Don't say—" began the scholarly one; but her warning was lost in the universal clamor of, "You bet!"

Then they scurried on to school to speculate over the odd little woman. They needed some comforting project to urge them on to school next day, for the cutting wind had increased in sharpness. Each child held a bright penny in her hand, even the practical one, whose curiosity was piqued.

"She can't be a bad fairy," said the imaginative girl, thoughtfully, as the group turned the corner. "She said 'my dears' when she spoke to us yesterday. Maybe she's going to let us each have a wish. I'm going to wish for——"

"There she is," said a sharp-eyed girl, quickening her pace.

The old woman had not failed them. She stood in the dark doorway, with something white in her hands. As the children approached she nodded pleasantly. So the exchange was made. Each child delivered her bright penny, and received in her cold, blue hands a warm, wholesome-looking biscuit.

"Every morning," hinted the woman, as she gratefully thanked her little customers. The news of this queer woman and her excellent biscuits spread in the schoolyard. And so every morning some children paused at the doorway of the house on Kearny Street and received a fat, warm biscuit. Willingly they deposited their pennies in the old woman's hands, and gladly they left the bakerman to mourn over his flat, pasty cakes.

The day before Christmas the little old lady, her face wreathed in smiles, entered a street-car for Third and Townsend. She smiled at the gruff old gentleman across the aisle, at the crying baby beside her, and at the conductor who took her fare. When the last-mentioned poked his head through the door and yelled, "Third Street!" she grasped her satchel and hurried out.

She did not see the motley crowd. She did not breathe the tainted city air. Instead, she seemed to breathe the wholesome country air, and to see a hospitable white farmhouse which shone with Christmas cheer.

The ticket agent's stern face relaxed into a pleasant smile when the little old lady, bubbling over with good humor, presented herself before him. He wondered why she chuckled so when she proudly put forth a five-dollar gold piece and asked for a ticket to Peatonville.

R. S. ('06).

## RIVALS

A YOUNG girl with sunny hair and a fair, pleasant face, was rocking herself gently to and fro in a most inviting-looking hammock. She seemed to be occupied with a book, but in reality she was listening intently to a conversation carried on in the garden by two boys about ten or eleven years of age. One of them, a bright-haired youngster with dark eyes gleaming with mischief, bore a marked resemblance to herself; the other one was dark, beautiful, and delicate, with the dark, dreamy eyes often seen in southern climes.

Donald, the brother of Adele, was saying in a slightly provoked voice, "Ah! go on; I tell you that she's Jack's girl." A haughty little voice replied, "She is not, my brother—a—a—she's my brother's girl now, and you mustn't say things that aren't true." The other voice was angry now, and somewhat menacing—"I tell you she is Jack's girl, you little Dago, you!" A pair of black eyes snapped, and the voice that was before so musical was deeper, though the lips trembled—"You're a liar, even if you *are* Adele's brother—there!"

While this conversation was going on, Adele's face was a picture, and one of varying expression. First the face paled, then crimsoned, and the laughing eyes grew serious. She was thinking busily and had not noticed the stop in the boys' talk, until she heard a familiar voice, full of fear, cry out: "Adele! O Adele! Come quick—I've killed him! O Adele!"

The girl's face grew stern, for she knew what her brother's temper was; so, jumping from the hammock, she ran down the stairs and round the corner of the house into the garden. There she found Donald, his boyish face white and wet with tears of remorse, and at his feet lay little Ray in a faint, his beautiful face streaked with the blood that was coming from a gash on his forehead.

Adele, with a reproachful, "How could you?" to Donald, picked Ray up in her strong young arms and carried him into the house. While she was bathing the child's face, Donald was racing down the beautiful country road to the next house, where lived Mr. Leslie Reidhen, Ray's elder brother.

* * * *

A young man of about twenty-five, very handsome in appearance and exceedingly well dressed, was hastening up the stairs of Adele's home, when he heard his brother's voice addressing Adele as follows: "Adele, don't you love Leslie best?—now, don't you?" Leslie Reidhen, with fast-beating heart, listened for the answer. He did not have to wait, for he heard the sweet voice of the girl he loved say, "Yes, Ray, dear." "Better than Jack?" "Yes, even better than Jack." Leslie waited no longer, not even to hear the, "Ah! I knew it!" of his brother. He rushed into the house, then stopped, bewildered. Turning, he met Adele; he noticed the white face and the eyes full of joy. Their hands met. "My Adele," he murmured, and the answer, so low it could scarcely be heard, was, "Yes!"

B. L. D.

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## REVIEW OF BOOKS

Among our recent productions is an excellent treatise on "The Physiographical Relations Existing between the Gasteropods and the Larnellobranchs," by Prof. Zolezzi.

A book of orations by Hon. Dixon Cutter is a masterpiece of fine and eloquent language. Mr. Cutter has shown that he is a master of English, and the Freshmen can well be proud of their blossoming young orator.

"Barbara and I," by J. B. Bubb, is a beautiful little story of love in the springtime of life.

## GRANDMA

RANDMA CAMERON was a queer old lady, tall and straight as a pole. Her clothes were plain, and of the old 1850 style. Two white curls hung down on either side of her face, and if you could see her you would surely think that she had just jumped out of a story-book. Sure enough, she had hailed from Boston, and could tell us any number of stories about Bunker Hill and the "Commons."

Grandma always had a story with a moral. If we saw her drawing her chair to the door, when we were doing the breakfast dishes, we began to quicken our pace, for we knew she thought we were taking up more time than was necessary.

If we didn't hang up our hats and jackets, she would tell a story of some other little boy or girl and what happened to them, and tell how punishment had changed since her day, for her parents were very strict.

One day, grandma said it was time we should learn to darn stockings; for before she was six years old she could knit as well as her grandmother, let alone darn.

First thing, we must learn to wear thimbles. Those things were so clumsy that the needles always slipped off, but it would do no good for us to complain, for she would have a story ready of some little child that pricked her finger, because she had forgotten her thimble, and died.

Seated in the cozy bay window, we were well started with our work. Mama, who was entertaining company, did not know all the trials we were undergoing. We sat still from about one to three o'clock; then, looking out of the window, we saw two of our schoolmates coming up the street.

Now, ordinarily, this would mean a time of untold pleasure, for their father kept a candy store, and they usually brought us some sweetmeats. But it didn't count this day. Grandma said, "Work before play."

So our visitors this time sat silently on the opposite side of the room, afraid to say anything; and we continued our work as best we could, seeing through our tears. At last mama came in, and——all is joy that ends well.

But I tell you there were lots of things we could learn from grandma. Order, neatness, and punctuality; this was her motto. She could repeat chapter after chapter of the Psalms and numerous poems. In fact, she was an encyclopedia for things past, and had by no means lost her interest in things present.

There was not a selfish thought in all her fertile brain. Her time was spent in deeds of love. Hardly a hospital or flower mission, or a needy family, but came under her loving care. In fact, grandma was welcome everywhere.

A. C. ('08).

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## A MORNING'S SPORT

THIS summer a friend spent his vacation with me at that attractive little summer resort, Capitola. One day we decided that we wanted to go fishing once, at least, while we were there, so we engaged a boat for the next day.

The next morning we arose at the extremely early hour of four o'clock, which was made all the worse by the fact that we had been out until past midnight the night before.

We—that is, my father, my friend, and myself—made a hearty breakfast on hot rolls, loganberry jam, and coffee. Now, gentle reader, if you will consider, you will come to the conclusion that such a diet is not the best when a person expects to be on the restless bosom of the mighty deep for several hours in a small boat.

Arriving at the pier at about four-thirty, we secured our skiff and started out.

While going down to the pier, I had been boasting of my fine rowing abilities. I had told how invigorating and strengthening it was, and how rowing exercised every muscle in the body, and so, when we started out, my paternal relative told me that since I was such a fine oarsman, and so forth, I could have the much-coveted pleasure of rowing.

After I had rowed about two miles from shore and my hands were numbed with cold, my father fell most grievously ill. I will not go into the harrowing details, but suffice it to say that we had much merriment from his misfortune and made many what we considered witty remarks.

Being seized by the notion that I would like to fish, I took a line, and, after ten minutes of dull monotony, broken only by a slight jerk which I supposed was caused by the hook catching in a small piece of seaweed, I drew in the line to change the bait, and there, on the end of it, was a five-pound salmon. I had had him on the line for five minutes without knowing it! Such is the exciting sport of catching the gamey salmon off Capitola.

We rowed in after a while, my friend and myself going into frequent spasms of laughter at my father's expense. When we reached the pier we met a friend, who asked us to go sailing with him. We gladly accepted his invitation, and while homeward my father plodded his weary way, we went skimming over the deep blue sea in the hold of the trim little yacht, the Governor Bradford.

We were very jolly, cracking many jokes and laughing at the remembrance of our recent experience. Little did we think what was soon to be our lot. The wind gradually abated, until we found to our dismay that the boat was becalmed! The gentle rocking of the boat was enough to lull one into ambrosial slumber, but alas! we were soon in the throes of sea-sickness. Again, gentle reader, I will omit the agonizing details.

We arrived on terra firma that memorable day about eleven o'clock. As we staggered homeward I would often shut my eyes, out of the sheer ghastliness of the situation, and again could I feel the boat's gentle sway and hear the monotonous lap, lap of the water as it slapped gently against the gunwale, and from the depths of my wretched heart I cried, "God made man to inhabit the *earth.*"

K. C. I. ('07).

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## DOMESTIC BLISS

AS she entered the employment office, the discerning clerk immediately sized her up as a bride of a month in search of her first cook, and he was right. She was tall, pretty, and stylishly dressed, with that undefinable look that a bride of a few weeks always wears.

Hesitatingly, she stepped up to the smiling young clerk and said: "Can I get a maid here? I want a nice-appearing, clean one, minus all brogue, who is a good cook, dishwasher, and willing to wait on table."

"I think we have what you wish," he replied, and forthwith Miss Eliza January was summoned. Eliza proved to be an angular lady of an age anywhere between twenty and forty-five years. After a little talk, she was engaged by Mrs. Black, and departed to the scenes of her future labors.

Mrs. Black now thought her troubles at an end; but, in fact, they had barely begun. We will skip the harrowing details. Suffice it to say it soon became apparent that Eliza had a habit of doing the opposite of what she was told. For example, she persisted in salting the ice-cream ("All a mistake, mum!"), serving soup for breakfast, and mush for lunch.

Mr. Black, the so-called "head of the house," became impatient, and one evening after having vainly tried to distinguish between the beef stew and the rice pudding, he had said: "This won't do. Eliza's got to change her style of cooking, or else leave for other climes. Perhaps I'd better quietly dismiss her after dinner."

After dinner he had departed for the kitchen domains, and had started with, "Nice weather, Miss January," but he received a cold frost; she did not so much as answer him.

He began again, "We, that is, my wife and I, feel that—ah-h—we are—ah-h-h—rather selfish in monopolizing your services, and so—ah-h-h—we——"

"D'ye mean yez want me to l'ave, and that you'd like my room better than my company?" demanded Eliza.

"That is about the size of it," he answered.

"Well," she responded, emphatically, "I can say the same to you, Mr. Black," and the fair Eliza seized the hot poker. Mr. Black fled hurriedly; in fact, the rate of his progress away from the scene would have made chain-lightning look slow. Beyond the fact that breakfast next morning was served with an extra allowance of salt in the soup, the episode was closed.

Mrs. Black again paid a visit to the employment office—but what a difference! Instead of that happy, peaceful expression that she had worn on the former occasion, she now looked careworn and harrassed. She was much thinner now, and had a dyspeptic appearance. As has been gently hinted, Miss January refused to "leave her happy home" for them or anybody else, and Mrs. Black wished to consult the clerk as to how she must proceed in order to accomplish Eliza's departure.

"Well," said the clerk, "just get your husband to discharge her."

Mrs. Black gently explained to him what had happened when this had been attempted, and the clerk looked as if it sounded familiar. "I did hear," he mused, "that the people where she was last employed persuaded her to leave by putting a keg of dynamite under her bed and firing it off in the night; but you have four flats above yours, so you could not work that scheme." As this was the best he could offer by way of advice, Mrs. Black left in despair.

Mr. Black next tried the scheme of hiring the coachman in the next block to pay court to Eliza, at the rate of a dollar a visit, and one hundred in cash for a wedding present; but after the first call the coachman raised the price to one hundred for each visit and a hundred and fifty thousand for a wedding gift. This ended that plan.

But while lying awake one night worrying over the problem, Mr. Black was suddenly seized by a brilliant idea. The next day he proceeded to carry it out. Getting a piece of tin, he tacked it to the floor where Eliza was wont to stand when she washed dishes. Next he bored a hole through the floor from below and connected one end of an electric wire to the sheet of tin upon which Eliza's fairy feet were to rest. Another electric wire he attached to the sink in which she washed dishes; then in a handy closet he fixed a switch. When the time drew near for the next dishwashing, Mr. Black stowed himself away in the closet and proceeded to carry out his scheme. Piling the dishes in the sink, Eliza began to do what *she* called washing them. Now, when her hands were in the water and her feet upon the tin, Eliza formed what is known as a "connection" between the two electric wires, and when Mr. Black suddenly turned on fifteen volts of electricity they all traveled at once through Miss January. To say the effect was startling is to put it mildly. She suddenly showed a fearful desire to reach the ceiling with her hands and very high C with her voice, and she failed in neither. After coming down to the floor, Eliza shied off from the sink and looked at it. She looked at it from all sides, above, below, sidewise, edgewise, and cornerwise; but when she had finished, she was no wiser than at the start. If Eliza had not been so excited she would have heard explosive

gasps coming from the closet, and then Mrs. Black would have been a widow; for there was murder in Eliza's eyes.

Although before this she had never been much attracted by dishwashing, she became very much so when she returned to the sink, for Mr. Black turned on about fifty volts, and she was held, shrieking and howling, to her place. As it happened, Eliza did not know much about electricity, and she thought some sort of "divils" must have entered into the kitchen.

In a few seconds she was released, and twenty minutes afterward had packed up and gone, without even saying good-by. The Blacks are now looking for another cook.

V. A. W.

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## HIS FIRST RECITATION

Four-year-old Jack was the smallest boy in the kindergarten, and somewhat bashful. He would never talk if people were laughing, for he always thought they were laughing at him.

At Christmas the kindergarten was to give an entertainment, and little Jack was to recite. All were planning for this occasion, and Jack was continually drilling for his part.

The night for the entertainment had arrived, and the wee boys and girls looked quite dignified, dressed in their very best. One by one the names were called, till at last came Jack's turn. He started out very bravely, until he saw a large boy in front of him smiling from ear to ear. Jack could say no more. He looked up and then down, putting his finger in his mouth and scraping his foot on the floor. His teacher tried to prompt him, but he said, before the crowd, "That big boy is laughing, so I guess I'd better stop." The large boy learned a lesson, but Jack would never recite after that.

*Moral:* When you see a boy embarrassed in "literary," have patience, and remember he may have been spoiled in the kindergarten.

E. B. ('08).

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## JOSHES

Just in the middle of the wod was a large poodle (!). The children dared each other to walk through it, which they did, not wishing to be called "coward" by the others.—*Freshman composition.*

*First Junior*—"You swiped my pencil!"
*Second Junior*—"I did not; you're a ——"
*First Junior*—"You're another!"
(Tremendous crash!)

Where did Edna get her solitaire?
Dug it out of (the) Hills (pocket).

There is a young Freshman named Claude
Who will some day shout on the Quad.;
When asked who's his girl,
His heart was awhirl,
As he yelled right out loud,
"It is a young lady named Maud."

*Professor* (in history)—"Louise, who went on the first crusade?"
*Louise* (day dreaming)—"About fifty monosyllabic nouns."

*Claudius Archibald* (reading Shakespeare)—"Let me play the fool!"
*Whole school* (enthusiastically)—"Go ahead, Claude!"

"I'd just like to *club* Latin into that first-year class."
*Carl*—"I guess I'll wear my corduroys."

FRESHMAN ALPHABET

A stands for Algebra, so fine and nice;
B stands for Books, that are not meant to open;
C stands for Claude, a Freshman so wise;
D to X are the records that set them to thinking.

RESCUE OF A FRESHMAN

I stood on the deck at midnight;
The bridge was burning fast.
I saw in the distance a Junior,
And yelled, "I am saved at last!"

*Blanche Dow*—

High flights she had, and wit as well,
And so her tongue lay seldom still.

—*Prior.*

*Charlie Atkins*—

"His mouth was a grin with the corners tucked in."

*Marabel Ingram*—

"Is there a tongue like hers that runs forever without winding up?"

*Mabel Pritchett*—

"She's of stature somewhat low."

*Carl Ingram*—

"Greater than I may have lived, but I doubt it."

*Louise Marks*—

"In herself complete."

*Charlie Pearson*—

"Upon his unembarrassed brow Nature hath written, 'Gentleman.'"

*Mabel Beverly*—

"Laugh and grow fat."

*Willie Garliepp*—

"Comb down your hair, my boy. Look, look, it stands upright!"

*John Bubb*—

"The true way to be deceived is to think oneself more knowing than others."

## ORGANIZATIONS

### Glee Club

To those in the high school who care to avail themselves of the opportunity, Professor Lawrence has kindly essayed to teach vocal music. So a glee club has been organized. It consists of about fifteen pupils, officers included. It assembles at four o'clock every Monday afternoon. With the help of Miss Whiting as pianist, it is progressing famously. As yet, the club is in its infancy, but judging from present indications it has a very promising future.

### Atheneum Literary Society

This organization meets every alternate Friday afternoon. The programme rendered at each meeting is composed of essays, declamations, debates, and music. The last-mentioned has been of very rare occurrence, but is tending to become a fixed element. Different from other high schools, the society meeting is held during school-time, thus affording time for the students to attend. The faculty always attend the meeting, acting as critics. Hitherto the society has included all the pupils of the high school, but now considerable discussion as to whether membership should be compulsory has arisen. The way in which this question is settled will have considerable influence on the trend of affairs in the society.

### Student Body

To this body the high school paper owes its existence, and athletics much of their prominence. The student body has helped not a little to bring out the paper, and by a few expenditures has taken away some of the obstacles which lay in the path to success of the football team. Matters of importance to the interests of the high school are discussed the first Thursday of every month, the time when the society assembles.

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## ATHLETICS

The football team was slowly organized in the high school this season. The team had the same old trouble to "buck up" against as it did last year—scarcity of players in the school. It was impossible to get an all-high-school team. To enjoy the sport at all in Mountain View, we had to go outside the school to get players, but we did not go outside of Mountain View. We did the best we could by our school and by the other schools about us. Every available man was used.

The work of the team shows for itself. The score in our favor speaks louder than words. The games we played went off very well—that is, we won two, and the third was a 0 to 0 game with P. A. H. S. The teams we played were those of the Palo Alto High School, the Los Gatos High School, and the Palo Alto Academy. The team would have heartily enjoyed a meet with both Santa Clara and San Jose high schools, and would have given them a merry time with the old pigskin, but, for some unaccountable reasons, the teams could not come together.

The P. A. H. S. meet was the first of the season, and although the Palo Altans had been under a coach for over a month, and had played some games, our team easily showed them that they were their equals, although we had practiced only three nights, and then without a coach. It was an even game. In the first half the M. V. H. S. goal was very seriously in danger, but in the last half that of P. A. H. S. was equally so. The score was 0 to 0.

It was in this game that the team had the misfortune of getting one of

its players injured. Eugene Ash was the unfortunate, and, as he was one of the grittiest players the team had, his loss was sorely felt. His knee was badly strained, but it is the hope of his friends, and especially of those on the team, that he will pull through all right and be ready at his post next year.

The other two games played by the team were easy victories. In neither game was our goal in danger. In fact, the Los Gatos team only managed to advance the ball ten yards in our territory, and the Palo Alto Academy twenty-five yards. In the Los Gatos game the score was 11 to 0 in our favor; in P. A. A. the score was 20 to 0. Making the total score of the season 31 points in our favor!

Every man in the team played football. All deserve credit. Every player in the respective positions was the player for it. Castro played a great line-plunging full, Bubb made grand fake runs, and did swell punting, Ayer made good end runs, Bailey plays a star quarter, sure on the pass and skillful in his management of the team. The back field was equally strong on the defensive. Ingram, as end, hardly ever missed a tackle or a fumbled ball. Ryan and S. Bordi both did fine work at right end. Tackles Whittemore and Pearson are hard to beat, both for offensive and defensive work. Atkins, Ash, and Bordi filled the guard positions and filled them well. Howard as center is sure on the pass and strong and active on the defense.

We wish, in conclusion, to thank the loyal supporters in our little town, who, by their generous encouragement, have made football possible in Mountain View.

W. M. A. ('06).

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Manuel Bettoncourt is attending Palo Alto High School.

Ezra Jacobs is working on his father's ranch.

Ed Johnson is attending the College of Pharmacy in San Francisco.

Lulu Clark is living with her parents in Yolo County.

Everett Eitel is working with his father in the insurance business in San Francisco.

Hazel Eitel is living at her grandmother's home on Edith Avenue.

Maude Krolow is attending the Paul Gerson Dramatic School in San Francisco.

Helen Brown is attending a high school in Oak Park, Illinois.

Ida Trubschenck is living at her home in Sunnyvale and devoting her time to music.

Professor McCrea, our former principal, is now teacher of history and English in San Jose High School.

Edward Green, of our first graduating class, is doing excellent work as a Freshman at Stanford.

Howard Beverly, our other graduate, is at present visiting with relatives in Amador County for the sake of recuperating his health.

Bessie Carter is nursing in St. Winifred's Hospital in San Francisco.

Margaret Gerrity is taking a commercial course in the Sequoia High School at Redwood.

Bessie Burns is studying music in Los Angeles.

Harry and Carrie Van Epps are attending Palo Alto High School, from which the latter hopes to graduate in June.

John McGlothlen is devoting his time to ranching in Mountain View.

Pearl Marseles is living at her home on the San Francisco Road.

Grace Lyman is the wife of Mr. Schokig, of the '06 Class at Yale.

Victor Shaw is living with his parents at Sausalito.

## THE 'VARSITY ROMANCE

Phil gazed vacantly into space as he mechanically rolled a cigarette. Through an opening between the trees he could see the football field in the moonlight, with its white-washed fence and the tall goal-posts between which he had often sent the elusive sphere hurling to the accompaniment of the cheering students. The cigarette finished, he stuck it grimly between his teeth, thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets, and ruminated in this wise: "Yesterday a hero; to-day a scrub. Huh—um—well—what else need one expect in these times when men are made and unmade in a day? But for a Junior to be downed by a Freshie!— There's the rub. "O, it's too much; it's too much!" he growled, fiercely, turning abruptly on his heel and tearing a great hole in the turf. The graystone building in front stared blankly at the dejected young man, who, looking at it, swore softly. "Been a stiff fight, Phil, old man," he soliloquized; "but you fell down pretty badly yesterday. They certainly howled fiercely for my scalp when my fumble became a touchdown, and they got it," he added, ruefully. "But when the 'kid' made his great run to a touchdown and tied the score—well, it meant curtains for yours truly. Only a week before the game, too." He drew a match from his pocket, and then held both match and cigarette at arm's length. "If I do, it means a break of training rules; someone will be sure to see me, and then I'm not even a sub." The cigarette was returned to his lips, the match was lit on the sole of his shoe, and—a fairy vision floated before his eyes. All the bitterness died out of his heart as he thought of the dark-eyed, light-haired slip of a girl who worshiped him so much. "Poor Elsie!" he muttered; "she'll be terribly disappointed." The match burned his fingers, and he looked at it reproachfully as he dropped it. It fell on a dry blade of grass, which ignited, and as it curled up, Phil watched it, saying: "Too true! We flare up for an instant, throw out our little light, then die down and are forgotten."

A crunching of gravel fell on his ear, and he looked quickly up. A well-known figure came around the corner of the building, at the sight of which Phil started violently, dropped his cigarette, and ground it under his heel. It was the coach, and he walked rapidly up to Phil, pushed him gently aside, knelt and picked up the fragments of the damaging evidence, his eyes also alighting on the remains of the match. He looked up at Phil rather facetiously, but the latter was gazing up where the milk-wagons were clattering over the cobblestones of the Milky Way. "Pretty close shave, Mitchell, old man," said the coach. "Come, Phil, cheer up. I hate to see you so discouraged. Why, man, what's become of all your old grit, anyway? There's still a chance, you know."

"Huh! swell chance, to be sure! Why, say, I've got about as much chance as a June-bug has with a hawk."

"Well, anyhow, drop this nonsense. I don't want to be hard on you, so I'll forget this little occurrence in return for an earnest effort on your part. Good night!"

Phil gazed after the retreating form of his coach until he was out of sight. Then he squared his shoulders, gritted his teeth, and walked rapidly away in the opposite direction. He came to a little winding path among the trees, and threw himself upon the soft, yielding turf. "Lover's Lane," the students called

it. The gentle rustling of the leaves, the quiet of the night, and the tender glow of the moon soothed his ruffled feelings. He crept further into the shadow as he saw two forms dimly outlined farther down the path. They were Seniors. As they drew near, he heard them talking football. He strained his ears to listen.

"By the way," said one, "I hear that Mitchell has lost his chance of playing quarter in the game Saturday."

"Yes," said the other, "Keller, the 'Freshie,' has him beaten easily on their showings of yesterday."

"Hum! I hope he won't require such a large-sized hat hereafter. Too chesty."

And they passed on. Phil clenched his fists, muttered imprecations against all Freshmen and Seniors. But ere he could give full expression to his indignation, a voice he knew and loved fell like heavenly music upon his ear and silenced him. And then another voice he knew and hated mingled discordantly with the first, and it seemed that his heart stood still. From the deep shadow of the trees he watched them draw near. Yes! It was she. Walking in Lover's Lane with his hated rival. A low groan escaped his parted lips. They had fallen into silence ere they came up, and did not speak as they walked slowly by and on into the night. Fate could have decreed that he drink of no bitterer cup than this, and he drained it to the dregs. For a time he lay as one in a dream, then he arose and made his way unsteadily to his room, afraid to believe that he had seen aright. There he could stand the strain no longer, but threw himself upon the bed and sobbed himself to sleep.

The week had drawn out its slow and tortuous length. A week of bitter, stinging pain, though blind, stubborn determination, for Phil. But Keller had never performed so brilliantly, and so, when the final line-up of the Prinsylvania team was announced, Mitchell's name did not appear. It was a hard blow. Beaten by the wiry little Freshman, both in love and in war, he felt wretched indeed. He had seen her twice during the week, but her acknowledgment had been so cold and slight that he felt that if he failed to make the team all was indeed lost. And so he gave up in despair when he learned he was only to sub.

The college town presented a lively appearance the night before the game. The Yalevard team, with its army of supporters, had already arrived, and gone into its quarters to await the shrill sound of the referee's whistle that should send them into the fray on the morrow. The rival cries of the two great universities sounded far into the night, awakening the quiet echoes of the peaceful college town, while throughout the night the moon was eclipsed by the blue flame of Yalevard and the gold of Prinsylvania. But in a little room of the great dormitory, alone and forgotten, Mitchell, the hero of the naughty-three championship team, tossed feverishly upon his bed of pain until far past the midnight hour, when he fell into a troubled sleep.

The day of the game broke clear and beautiful. All morning the trains poured their living freight into the town. At noon Prinsylvania was a slight favorite, due, perhaps, more to a preponderance of supporters, as they were to play at home, than to any decided superiority. Coaches and trainers on both sides conceded that it was an even thing, though, of course, both claimed a victory by at least one score.

By 2 o'clock the great crowd had assembled. On one side, and at both ends, rising up and back against the sky, were massed the supporters of the gold of Prinsylvania; while on the other side, nestled amid the fluttering blue, Yalevard's cohorts rose tier on tier.

At 2:30, Keller kicked off to Graydon, Yalevard's giant full, who was downed in his tracks on his own five-yard line. Then came the crash. Two yards, three yards, and two yards again, were the blues advancing. White line after white line was slowly crossed, while the taunting roar of the blues and the mournful cry of the golds rang out on the startled air. On the sidelines crouched Mitchell, watching, as a tiger watches its prey, the steady advance of the blues. With bared teeth and quickened breath, he too advanced. Ten, fifteen yards past the center the blues beat and tore their way, while the golds fought with a tenacity born of despair. Third down and a yard to go, and Graydon was hurled at the opposing line. He crashed through for three, and the sky remained blue; but, as the mass was disentangled, a forlorn cry arose from the section of gold, for Shelton, their star tackle, lay ominously still. Soon he was borne, bruised and bleeding, and sobbing, from the field; but a sub was found, and the game went on. Again Graydon was given the ball, but this time he sprang up and over the human wall before him. On the other side he steadied himself for an instant, and then sprang away down the field like a frightened deer when it hears the far-off baying of the pursuing hounds. A great shout arose, a roar in which was mingled the wild, exultant cries of the blues and the groans of the golds. Down the field tore Graydon. Behind him he heard his panting pursuers; ahead crouched little Keller, advancing as David of old to meet the giant Goliath. As a panther springs at its prey, so did Keller spring at the man before him and bring him down. Over the prostrate forms fell the pursuers, and when they arose the gallant little quarter lay with his shoulder crushed. Amid the cheers of all, the plucky little player was carried from the field. Over the gold a shadow had fallen; the blue never shone more brightly.

"Mitchell!" shouted the coach. With gleaming eyes he had watched the crash, and now, like a hound let loose from the leash, he sprang into the fray. Up in the grandstand, in a setting of gold, a girlish form leaned far forward and waved her golden banner. Mitchell saw and understood. The whistle sounded, and they were at it again. Yalevard's ball and only twelve yards to go. Graydon was again the battering ram. Thrice was he hurled against the line and thrice did the lithe form of Mitchell shoot high into the air onto the neck of the plunging full and bring him sidewise down to the ground. When they rose from the last impact, the ball was in possession of Prinsylvania on her own eight-yard line. The blues were dismayed, and blue indeed; across the way was a veritable sea of gold. Mitchell sent the ball flying far down the field, where, misjudged, it rolled back towards Yalevard's goal. Again they pushed the ball toward the coveted posts, but too late to score. The hosts of the blue were confident; it was different with the supporters of the gold, for the game had gone sorely against them, and they were worried lest the terrible battering should have weakened their favorites beyond hope of further resistance.

In their respective dressing-rooms the two teams stretched out their weary limbs, while their trainers leaned over them working like demons. Mitchell

walked about cheering his teammates with words of encouragement. A tousle-headed youngster pushed his way into the room and handed him a note. It was written on a leaf torn from a score-book, and read:—

"Dear, dear Phil! Forgive and forget."

The room swam before him, the talking and the shouting became a confused murmur, and he saw only the face that he loved as he pressed the crumpled paper to his lips.

The short respite was up, and the teams again ran out upon the field. Mitchell tore a hole in the padding over his shoulder and tucked the note away. He would always keep it as his most cherished possession. Again the heavy thud of the Yalevard backs resounded as they were hurled against the opposing line. But they were too eager, and sometimes fumbled and sometimes were penalized severely, forcing them to kick time and again. Each time Mitchell caught it, and ran it in sometimes ten, sometimes fifteen, and sometimes twenty yards, and each time the heavy tacklers flung him fiercely to the ground. Then he would kick the ball far down the field, and watch while the assault was renewed upon his team. And so the game went on, while thousands cheered and thousands looked on with tense, almost sobbing, anxiety. It was Yalevard's ball on Prinsylvania's fifty-yard line, and but a minute and a half of play remaining. In the back field Mitchell staggered like a drunken man. A great pain gripped his side; he knew his ribs were broken; he felt his strength fast ebbing away, and he prayed that the game might end. He saw Graydon drop back for a kick, and then he reeled. The coach saw and groaned. But as the sinking man lurched forward, he heard a cry that awoke his benumbed brain and strengthened his wearied frame. He looked to where she sat. O, how beautiful she was! A stray beam from the setting sun had caught in the shadowy softness of her hair and turned it to gold. Her outstretched arms, her parted lips, and her shining eyes told him all that her heart would say. All the rest faded away, only her face looked out to him from the blackness, only her voice sounded across the deep abyss that seemed to divide. There came a thud, and the ball went hurtling through the air towards him, yet he did not see. A thousand tongues thundered his name. Startled and bewildered, he looked up; he saw the ball, and a madness seized him. The coach, watching him, wondered. With his back against the goal-posts, he caught the flying oval and darted down the field. He heard nothing, saw nothing but the goal-posts at the other end of the field. But they seemed to be just ahead of him, just beyond his reach. He hit someone and kept on, he turned deftly aside and a form shot past him, he leaped high into the air, but the goal-posts mockingly stood just beyond him. The massive form of Graydon loomed up before him; he eluded it. Now a terrible roaring filled his ears as though the sea were closing upon him; he felt a clasp of iron about his legs; he felt himself falling, but the goal-posts were still there, almost to be touched. He whirled and was free again. A piece of paper fell from his left shoulder and blew across the field, and a ray of light darted through his brain. On he rushed, but a great weight clung to his legs, another clutched his side; he fell; he caught the gleam of a white line just ahead; with a terrible effort he rolled over on his back; the cross-bar of the goal-posts was overhead. They no longer seemed to taunt him, to mock him, but to clasp him in friendly

embrace, while the white bar above smiled back its appreciation. He was happy, and sighed as he sank softly into an infinite calm.

Out in Lover's Lane the lofty trees rustled their leafy garments. The air, still vibrant with the pandemonium turned loose on the yesterday, was cool and crisp. Underfoot the dry leaves crackled and broke as they two took their way beneath the silvery moon's enchanting flame. Before a large pine they stopped, and he said, half to himself, "Just one short week ago, but yet an age, I lay here alone." The grass was still torn and crushed, and the dew was laid refreshingly upon it. It seemed to smile up to them through its tears, and as the girl looked down, little dewdrops sparkled, too, upon her long dark lashes. A step sounded behind them. They turned quickly, startled, to meet the coach. He tipped his hat, and, with mock civility, handed Mitchell a scrap of paper, torn and soiled, then walked away, a smile twitching the while at the corners of his mouth. Phil looked down upon the head bowed before him. The hair blown hither and thither by the wind seemed bent on catching in its meshes all the stray little moonbeams that peeped through the boughs and leaves. As she stood there in the shimmering white, he knew she had never seemed so wonderfully pure and sweet, and that he had never before felt so horribly awkward. Her head inclined graciously towards him, and the teasing wind caught some of the soft stray filaments and with them lightly brushed his cheek. She looked up at him then, and said impulsively, "I'm so sorry, Phil, but I never meant to be so mean."

"Why, you foolish little dear, if you hadn't, I couldn't have done anything at all yesterday. It's all your fault."

"O, I'm so glad," she murmured softly.

And then the moon modestly withdrew behind a curtain of filmy white and left them alone in their happiness.

R. Bailey ('05).

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---

Once a freshman was cast on an African shore,
Where a cannibal monarch held sway;
And they served up that freshman in slices on toast
On the eve of that very same day.
But the vengeance of heav'n followed swift on the act;
And, before the next morning was seen,
By cholera morbus that tribe was attacked--
For that freshman was tenderly green.—*Ex.*

---


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